

## **Wrapped around her finger by KristiLynn**

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**Summary:**

Jim Hopper thinks about how his life has changed since Jane came in his life

## Wrapped around her finger

Jim Hopper had just put the cornbread in the oven when the door opened and Jane stepped in, along with a cold gust of wind.

“So cold,” she said shivering as she rushed over to the fireplace.

“That’s not going to help until you get those wet clothes off,” he told her and then quickly added “And don’t leave them on the floor.”

Jane rolled her eyes and stomped off to her room leaving Jim to wonder exactly when he had become his mother. Just last week he caught himself saying “That girl’ll be the death of me” and now it’s wet clothes and keeping them off the floor. If the old Jim Hopper could see him now he’d have a good laugh, even the man he was before Sarah never thought that this would be his life.

“What are you cooking?” Jane asked as she returned from her room, now in pajamas and a sweater that she’d stolen from Jim’s closet.

“Cornbread is in the oven and we’ve got ham and beans on the stove.” Jane wrinkled her nose. “Don’t give me that look at least not before you try it. Now did you have fun today?”

“Yes!” Her face lit up. “Max taught me how to build a snow fort and we teamed up against the boys. I’m not really sure who won but Max said all that matters is that I had fun. And I did.”

Jane continued to chatter away telling him everything about her day and Jim couldn’t believe that this was the same girl he’d taken in from the cold a year ago, or even the same girl from two months ago who had trouble stringing two sentences together. He hated to admit it but maybe she had been right. Maybe keeping her tucked away from the world had done more harm than good.

“And then I made a snow angel, but it didn’t turn out good.” Jane laughed. “Mike said it looked like an alien fell in the snow and panicked.”

Jim laughed too. “Sounds like you had a good day.”

“I did. Thank you for letting them come over.”

“No problem kid.” He took a slow drink from his beer and then added, “How’d you like for them to come over again next Sunday?”

Jane’s eyes turned to saucers. “Really?”

“Yeah,” he sighed. “They’re good for you.”

Jane rushed over and threw her arms around his waist. “Thank you! You won’t regret this.”

“Regret huh?” He laughed and ruffled the girl’s hair. “Good to see you’re keeping up with you word of the day.” The kitchen timer rang and Jane pulled away. “That’s food. Go wash up and we’ll eat.”

“Can I call Mike first?”

Jim rolled his eyes but nodded his head. “Hurry up or I’ll eat all the food.”

“Oh no, I wouldn’t want that,” Jane called out as she ran to the phone.

Jim pulled the cornbread out of the oven and smiled to himself. He might be a long way from the old versions of himself, but maybe that was for the best.